

# *Sketch*

---

*Volume 1, Number 2*

1934

*Article 7*

---

## To a Mirror

Marjorie Countryman\*

\*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1934 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).  
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

Iridescent drops, slow flowing,  
 Sultry, particled with light,  
 Gild my back and breast and fingers.  
     Bright and still,  
     Soft fires fill,  
 Burnish my recumbent height.

Deep cast in a conscious slumber,  
 Though I smile I do not dream,  
 Only know the rhythmic impulse  
     Of the breeze,  
     Breath of trees—  
 Verdant islands in its stream.

I shall sun to saturation,  
 Until solar alchemy  
 Warms my heart to tranquil motion,  
     Draws my hand  
     Through the sand,  
 Stirs me to vitality.

## To a Mirror

By Marjorie Countryman

O MIRROR!  
 You are cold and cruelhearted.  
 Do you really mean to be  
 So truthful, and so tactless?

Don't you sometimes wish that you  
 Could remodel just a few  
 Of the people you inspect?  
 Or do you think that you would falter  
 If you had the power to alter  
 All the faces you reflect?

